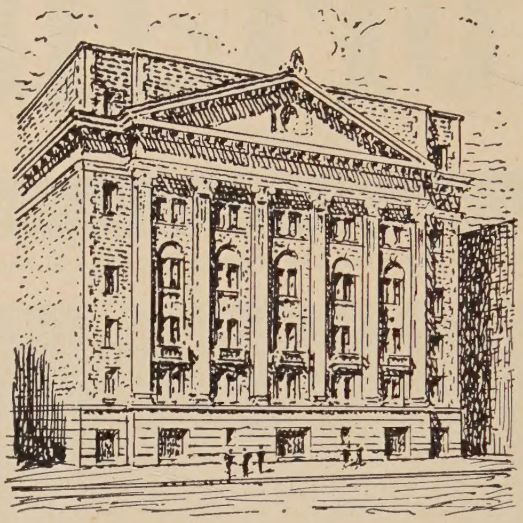
The Liberalist

Volume XXXI AUGUST, 1954 Number 5

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Oh, it was a grand day, a specially grand day,
And all the flowers were so sweet
That the butterflies sneezed,
And the young goats and the lambs
Couldn't think of anything special enough
In the way of capers and didoes,
So they just stood still and looked wise.

From "Beautiful Sunday"—Jake Falstaff
"One Thousand Beautiful Things"—Barrows



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

IT IS regrettable that the copy for this August number must be finished in the middle of June, but there is no way it can be avoided. I shall be able to tell you something of my trip in the September number. You will be reading this at the beginning of August. I hope you are listening to the regular Sunday morning broadcasts on WJJD at 11 o'clock. I made these thirteen transcriptions before leaving America and did my best, even though they were made several weeks before being delivered, to be as helpful as possible under the circumstances. I hope you are having a pleasant summer, wherever you are.

* * *

Wednesday evening of this past week I had an experience which, as long as life lasts for me, will remain a vivid memory. As you are probably aware, I was born in Linden, Genesee County, Michigan, at that time a little hamlet of less than 500 people, located 18 miles south of the City of Flint, on the Shiawasee River. Flint was a city of only 18,000. I lived in Linden until I was 16, when I went away to college. However, I have never in any particular broken my association with the place in which I was born. It is the most sacred spot in the world for me and I return at every opportunity.

My sister, Mrs. R. V. Judson, and her husband, both of whom are members of our church in Chicago, live in the house in which I was born. My sister was born there, too, and under its roof my father rested in death in the very room in which June and I were married.

Genesee County, Michigan, was settled by pioneers who came from Genesee County, New York. They were a great and rugged people and the imprint of their lives never will be completely erased from the community. The first white man, Jacob Smith, settled there in 1819. In 1844 the Mundy Presbyterian Church was organized on July 28th, under the name of the First Presbyterian Church of Mt. Pleasant, Genesee County, Michigan.

In 1856 the name of the church was changed to the First Presbyterian Church of the Township of Mundy, Genesee County, Michigan, and for a time it carried the name of the Long Lake Church, being not far from one of the largest and most beautiful lakes in mid-Michigan, only a few miles away. The name of Long Lake which I knew as a boy was changed several years ago and is now known as Lake Fenton. In 1869 the present church was dedicated, having been constructed under the leadership of the Rev. Alanson Herrick, grandfather of Mrs. Matie McAllister and great-grandfather of Ford McAllister, who is now a member of the Board of Trustees. Up to that time the church had met in school houses. The church is now known as the Mundy Presbyterian Church, although in my youth it was called the Rankin Presbyterian Church, as Rankin is the name of the little settlement in which the church is located, Mundy being the name of the township. Mundy Township is just north of Fenton Township, in which Linden is located.

I was twelve years old when I joined the Presbyterian Church of Linden, just a few miles from the Mundy church. The minister was an Armenian

by the name of Rev. Vaughan Kewen Beshgetoor. He joined the Presbyterian Church in Armenia and came to this country to finish his education. He retired many years ago, moved to Alma, Michigan, and then to Florida, where he died three years ago. I have been in touch with him all these years and heard from him just before his death. We parted company many years ago in our theological attitudes, but we kept the friendship of those early years unimpaired by our theological differences. He had three children, all born in Linden and all successful in life. The daughter, Grace, took a medical degree and is a practicing physician. He had an abiding and constructive influence upon my life.

I never remember when I didn't want to be a preacher and some of my earliest recollections of boyhood are of preaching from a headstone in our village cemetery upon which, carved in granite, was an open Bible. I used to gather my playmates together, we would go to the cemetery, I would stand up behind the tombstone, with my hands resting upon the Bible, and preach a sermon. It is told to this day, how, as far back as 1901, after the death of William McKinley, I arranged a memorial service for him among the youngsters. I was about twelve at the time, and gave a memorial talk for the President of the United States. I haven't the faintest recollection, nor does anyone else have, as to what I said, but the fact that at that early age I arranged a memorial service with a group of children, all of whom were my own age or younger, indicates that I have followed pretty much through my life the pattern of those early days. I never had any desire to be anything but a minister.

As I developed in my high school senior days, I first became acquainted with Ralph Waldo Emerson, with Herbert Spencer, with William James, William Ellery Channing, Thoreau and John Burroughs, the result of which was to create within me an intellectual dissatisfaction with much of the orthodoxy of the period. It was the beginning of my liberal position which has characterized my entire ministry; but I have never ceased to appreciate what I think are the fundamentals of Christianity and I have never ceased to preach them.

The church with which I united as a boy in Linden still carries me upon its membership roll. It is a very precious building to me for I knew it as a child and in it the dead of my family have been honored. Through the years I have tried to help the little church. One year I saw that it had a new coat of paint in memory of my father and mother, who were buried from the church. I gave them a beautiful church clock which hangs on the wall of the pulpit. I have helped it in the securing of new hymnals; and, comparatively recently, when our own choir purchased robes of a new color, we donated the best of the former robes to the village choir, and every Sunday to this day they are worn by members of the choir in the Linden Presbyterian Church.

Through the years the church has had some remarkable ministers and some who were mediocre and ineffectual, but in all its history it has never had the leadership it has today in a young man, Robert McComb.

Mr. McComb is finishing his last year at the McCormick Theological School here in Chicago, and has commuted more than 500 miles weekly and preached in the church during his academic life.

On a recent Sunday it was possible for him to attend service in the Peo-

ples Church. I did not know he was present until after the service. I have regretted that I did not have the opportunity of welcoming him to our pulpit and asking him to have part in our service. In a literal sense he is serving the church of which I am a member. After the service he had dinner with us and I had a long, interesting conversation with him about his hopes and his plans for the Linden Church. He expects to remain there for his ordination, is in love with the church, and the entire community is in love with him. The church is full every Sunday; there is a great interest among the young people; my own nephew, Adolph Lind, is the Superintendent of the Sunday School, as well as President of the village, and my grand-nephew, Preston Bradley Lind, is President of the Westminster Fellowship, a group of high school students. Carl Lind, the father of Preston Bradley Lind, is President of the School Board. My sister, Mrs. R. V. Judson, is on the Library Board. Altogether my family is carrying on the traditions of my own childhood, for my father was Village President for many years.

I try to get back to Linden many times during the year. I have often preached in the church I know and love, have given the commencement address from the high school in which I was graduated, on several occasions, and have spoken to the high school alumni association.

It is a tragic thing for one to ever pull their roots out of the early years of their life. Mother and Jimmie both loved the village and the people and both often expressed a desire to be taken there when life had passed for them.

One week before Jimmie's death he was in Linden working on our cemetery lot and the grave of Mother. Little did he think that in another week he, himself, would rest in the spot which was so sacred to him. That week he had placed the markers on Mother's grave, the spot where he was to rest, and the place where I shall sleep, too.

Well, I must return to what I started out to write about.

* * *

On Wednesday, June 9, 1954, the Mundy Presbyterian Church observed its 110th Anniversary Celebration. It was in the pulpit of this church where I preached my first sermon, just 50 years ago. When the church wrote me and invited me to come and preach the 110th Anniversary Sermon for the church and the 50th Anniversary Sermon for myself, I accepted it gladly.

I arrived in Linden early Wednesday morning, and my sister, Beulah, and my niece, Jean Lind, met me at the train. It was a beautiful June morning. The tree-lined streets of the village were in full foliage, the lawns like lovely green velvet. No one was astir in the village. It was not long after dawn, and indescribably beautiful. We drove slowly to Jean's home on the banks of the Shiawasee River, in order to appreciate the full beauty of the morning. She has a beautiful home with the back yard leading down to the old mill pond where I, as a boy, used to skate in winter and swim in the summer. I had a wonderful day, one that will linger always with me. I visited our Lake View Cemetery, stood by the granite boulder removed from my father's farm and placed as a monument on our lot. Not long before his death Jimmie had planted a small Colorado spruce on our island at Lake Vermilion, at Tower, Minnesota. The fall after his death I took out the tree, packed it well, and brought it nearly a thousand miles to Linden and planted it upon our lot. I did not know

whether it would live or not, but it has lived. New shoots have come out and it is giving its beauty very close to the ones who knew it and loved it.

A few minutes before 8:00 o'clock, the time set for the service, we left Linden and drove to Rankin. As a boy it seemed a long ways. Now, with the automobile, it is only a matter of minutes. On arriving at the church it was almost impossible for us to get through the crowd into the church. Automobiles were packed on both sides of the highway, the church yard was full, people were standing, extra chairs were brought in, the vestibule was crowded and people were outside, listening through the open windows. It was a very hot night, about 90°. Several ministers were in the congregation, including Mr. Robert McComb, of the Linden Church. The minister of the Mundy Church, the Rev. W. Winston Thomas, and the Rev. Robert J. Wise, pastor emeritus of the church, who had served it for 30 years, the Rev. Dr. Ralph D. Kearns, whom I knew many years ago as the minister of the Calvary Presbyterian Church in Chicago, later to have a distinguished pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Flint, Michigan, and myself were in the pulpit.

Dr. Kearns introduced me with one of the most eloquent and moving introductions I have ever had in all the years of my work. I was so overcome by what he said that it took me several minutes after I had started my sermon to recover. I shall always remain obligated to him, and the character of his introduction will always remain with me.

Seated near the front of the church was one of my old teachers, whom I had had in the eighth grade, the Hon. William W. Blackney. He was one of the finest teachers I have ever known. He introduced the first parliamentary organization in our school. He introduced me to the necessity of keeping a notebook on contemporary events as a youngster. He was always interested in civic affairs, and shortly after he left our school was elected to the United States Congress, where he remained until his refusal to run again, two years ago. He had a lasting influence upon my own life, thinking and career. When I saw him in the congregation I could not refrain from paying him a tribute. I deviated from my sermon in order to do so and after the service, as he shook my hand, he expressed how deeply he appreciated it, even though it must have been somewhat embarrassing for him. Old friends who had heard me often in Grand Blanc, Durand, Flint and other places nearby, as well as 20 people who had driven 60 miles from Detroit, Michigan, to attend the service, were present.

In spite of the heat, the crowd, and the deep emotional feeling which I had, I tried to present adequately my subject, which was "110 Years of Progress."

A little reception and refreshments were arranged by the church to follow the service. There I met Mrs. Matie McAllister, who is the sister of my brother-in-law's mother, and whose grandfather, Rev. Alanson Herrick, dedicated the church, and her son, Mr. Ford McAllister, the great-grandson of the minister who dedicated the building, who were connecting links, tying together the years.

The present minister, the Rev. W. Winston Thomas, came in 1952 and is effectively and successfully carrying on the great work of the Rev. Robert J. Wise and the other ministers of the past years.

After the service my sister and my niece and her husband, Mr. Adolph

Lind, drove me to the Grand Trunk Station in Flint, where I took the train back to Chicago. I laid awake for a long time in the Pullman after leaving Flint after midnight, thinking of all these years, to the rhythmic clicking of the Pullman wheels and the intermittent moan of the locomotive's whistle at it went out into the night. Memories flooded my mind, some of them happy, some of them sad; some experiences which I would desire to live over, while the recollection of others could bring only heartache and tears. But life on the whole has been kind. I have been the recipient of the love and affection of a noble soul with whom I shared 35 years of life, and of filial devotion from Jimmie, and the inspiring and helpful companionship of June. We look toward the future with hope and with courage, believing with the poet that

"The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first
was made."

I fell asleep finally and when I raised the shade of my Pullman we were already entering Chicago—soon the factories and the people—and I realized that I was back in the city where my lot has been cast and where there is much work to do. If the past, as we have been told, is but a prelude for the future, then I greet that future with fortitude and with faith.

"YOUR SOURCES OF POWER"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, November 1, 1953

ONE of the most beautiful things in all Europe, to me, is the Lion of Lucerne. Europe is filled with beauty, historical characters, and historical backgrounds and all that delights the soul and the spirit and the eye of man, but I think the center of it all is the Lion of Lucerne. I saw it again this summer after more than 30 years, and the same impression which I had 30 years ago was only intensified and deepened as I stood and looked at it this past summer.

The Lion of Lucerne is a lion carved out of the side of a rock in a grotto almost in the heart of the City of Lucerne in Switzerland. That lion is a replica carved from the original lion created by the great Icelandic sculptor Thorvaldsen. Thorvaldsen is usually considered a Dane. He was born in Copenhagen, and if you go to Copenhagen you will see there, in the great art center of Copenhagen, many, many results of his genius. He rests in Copenhagen. Well, the Lion of Lucerne is a breathing, living lion as you stand and watch the agony in his eye and the blood drip from his side where the spear was sent through it, typical of the Swiss Guards who were slain at the Tuileries fighting for France at the time of the Revolution.

They made this Lion of Lucerne as a memorial on the side of a Swiss mountain. They had guarded it carefully, but the constant seepage of water on the side of the rock was beginning to wear away the Lion of Lucerne. And because they wanted to preserve it, not only the greatness of its origin, but the thing it symbolized—the loyalty of the Swiss Guards—much has been done since I saw it 30 years ago. The mountain somehow has been treated so the lion seems to be of pure white

marble; protection has been given to it so that it will not be disintegrated by rain and weather and wind.

As we sat and looked into the face of that lion I was thinking of the man who created it. I was thinking of the genius of Thorvaldsen, and I saw Thorvaldsen in my imagination and in the eye of my mind—and the eye of the mind is sometimes just as wonderful as the eye of the physical body—as he stood one day in his studio in Copenhagen working on a beautiful bit of marble which he had made breathe and vibrate with life and which some day would adorn some gallery with immortality. And Thorvaldsen, after working for days and months, finally put down his mallet and his chisel and he sat down in his studio chair. He sat there a few moments, and then burst into tears! Hot tears ran down his face! A friend entered the studio and said: "Thorvaldsen, what is the matter? Why, you're crying like a baby!"

This great man of creative genius; this man who had established the power of creativeness! There is no greater power in the world than the power to participate in creativeness with Infinity itself; and everyone who carves out beauty, and everyone whose life is a benediction, and everyone who speaks friendly and kindly words, and everyone who gets down under a burden that some shoulders are carrying, and they're almost weighed down beyond strength and they're beginning to faint and be weary, and we get down under that burden and help them lift it up, that's being creative!

Creative people are not only those who can create with a brush or with a chisel or with a pen for some great powerful business organization or with a government or with a nation—they're trying to create a world of peace now, and the tragedies of the effort are obvious everywhere; trying to create peace in Europe by a restoration of the old balance of power in Europe. And that frayed balance of power in Europe has brought Europe nothing but tears and blood and sweat for nearly 1800 years! The balance of power—the phrase around which the diplomats are conjecturing today in their bewilderment, so much so that ideological distinctions are being lessened, and a diplomacy finds it possible to encourage Communism in Yugoslavia and Fascism in Spain and can send millions of the American taxpayers' dollars to a Communistic country and to a Fascist country! Ideological differences lessening, while the old fiendish philosophy of balance of power once more raises its ghastly head in the world! We fight Communism in Washington, in New York, in Chicago—and rightly so; we support Communism in Belgrade and Fascism in Madrid—until this confusion and bewilderment is settling down upon the very peoples of the world who most desire to find freedom! And they wonder about something called "Military Expediency"!

Thorvaldsen sat in his studio in tears, and his friend turned to him and said: "What is the matter, Thorvaldsen? What is the matter?" And Thorvaldsen arose, went up to the piece of statuary, put his hands lovingly and tenderly and caressingly upon it; then he brought his face close to it and he planted a kiss upon the cold marble. Then he turned to his friend and said: "I'm finished! I am finished; my work is finished!" And his friend said: "Why? Why do you say that?" And Thorvaldsen replied: "Because I have just done something which gives me complete satisfaction! My genius is stopped! My inspiration is finished! I have created that which gives me com-

plete satisfaction, and my goal has been reached!" And Thorvaldsen never did a significant thing in sculpture after that moment! He lost his power!

What about you; what about me, in this business of living life; in this daily association with life? Are we living the kind of a life, out of our own creativeness, that is bringing us to a cessation of inspiration? Or has it become a dull, deadly, monotonous thing; is there no thrill of beauty left; are we completely buffeted by the littleness of people; by the selfishness of personal importance; by the lust of power—the old lust that has done more to bring agony to the human spirit and failure to the human race than old physical lust itself! We know the deadliness of physical lust, but few people seem to remember the devastating, annihilating power of the lust of power! The lust which ruthlessly and mercilessly strives to crush and kill and defeat everything that stands in the way of its own ambitions!

I have seen men and women rise to power like that, and so have you! I have seen men rise to power over the bleeding remains of their fellowmen; I have seen them, by their unkind words and their ignoble deeds, crush lesser human spirits into the nothingness of failure! I have seen men so captivated by the power of gold that they became living examples, hated and feared, and found it good—this lust of power, influence, position—so many ruthlessly sweeping aside their fellowmen, bankrupting another's character by the repetition of lies and rumors! A person can be just as guilty of murder when they lie about another the same as though they took their life! I do not fear the man who can take my life—it would be useless to fear him; but I tremble in the presence of one who could damage my soul! They are the ones, in their seeking of power and favor, that are the true murderers, for they kill the human spirit!

I have never known a person in my life who was considerate and tender and kind and helpful, who never needed explanations and reasons, but who just went on trying to make two smiles grow where but one grew before, trying to live triumphantly creative, who didn't possess inner powers! That person had contact! And if we permit materialism and selfishness and hatred and envy and jealousy to take possession of our lives, we will deteriorate, we will disintegrate. They create their own penalty! The law works! And I have seen people completely disintegrated—life loses its buoyancy; its dynamics; its beauty! And when I sought for a reason, I found it in their lust for power and to get that power no matter what it cost anyone else; and then to see by their side the human spirit with true power, the spirit that in the quietness found great strength; the spirit that was always exposed to something infinitely beautiful; the spirit that had no time for small talk; the spirit that had no time for repeating that which hurt another; the spirit that was constructive and creative!

There are two kinds of people in the world! The creative and the destructive! Two kinds! The creative people add to their own achievement and their own power; the negative people destroy themselves! And if they could only find that there is a power that you can establish relationship with, that will turn you from a negative to a positive personality, from a disintegrating personality to a synthetic, integrated personality! There is a power! We call it the Power of God; we call it the recreative, affirmative spirit of crea-

(*Continued on page* 16)

The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

LET the voice of America be heard as it has never been heard in the past. "Love your enemies; do good to them that despitefully use you!" Ladies and gentlemen, it does work! One Herbert Hoover to feed the millions of Europe, to restore the Christlike attitude of Love, is worth a thousand voices making alliances of power to wreck the world again! For there is no way to overcome hate but by love!

R. Piety tells us: "God gave my world to me—And I rebelliously,—Cried out, 'How small!—And is this all?'—His words were sad, yet mild:—'All that you love, my child.' . . . Myself that moment died,—And born anew I cried:—'Love take control—And lead my soul—To serve my small estate;'—And lo, my world is great!" And the word "love" is a much stronger word than "duty." You know, we have built a whole system of relationships on the basis of "Our Duty." We have said, "If we do as we want to be done by, we have done our duty and it is sufficient." And we have developed an over-simplification of our responsibility. Broken humanity, a broken life, a saddened heart, a worried father, a disappointed mother, a disillusioned, frustrated, chaotic adolescent trying to find anchorage amid all the enthusiasms of youth—and we have a duty!

My father was just a humble workman in the world, pounding iron. In our village we had a little white church, and the minister of the church was very poor and the people in it were poor. The minister had six or seven boys who graduated in height, like the steps of a ladder—one just a little taller than the next one; and my father, who was the village blacksmith of that town, would shoe the minister's horse. One evening as we had finished supper we suddenly missed father from the table. Pretty soon mother heard a noise at the back door. She opened the door and caught father coming up the cellar stairs with a bag of potatoes on his back. She said, "Bob, where are you going?" "Well, I'll tell you, Pet," (he always called my mother "Pet")—"the preacher was in to get his horse shod this afternoon and when he started to pay me and opened up his pocketbook there wasn't much there. I asked him how things were getting along and he said, "Well, Mr. Bradley, it's a little hard these days—there are so many mouths to feed at my house.' So I told him to close up his pocketbook; and I thought maybe a few potatoes might help him out."

BOOK CHATS

IT has always seemed to me that summertime is just the right time to read adventure stories and delightful novels of far-away places, and beautiful poetry.

Early in May, Little, Brown & Company published *The Adventures of Mark Twain,* by Jerry Allen. Clara Clemens, Mark Twain's daughter, says of this book: "Jerry Allen's departure in 'The Adventures of Mark Twain' from the customary treatment of a biography is most impressive, absorbing. Although so familiar with the facts of my father's life, I found myself reading the author's story with the suspended interest usually aroused only by the relation of unexpected adventures. The close weaving of incidents and events in consecutive accounts captivates the attention and holds it fast. It reads like a novel enriched by the fact that it presents history. The characters appear in clear relief. The pictures are vivid."

Jerry Allen, the author, has spent much of her life doing newspaper work, as a foreign correspondent in Paris with the New York Herald Tribune, and in London as diplomatic correspondent for Reuters. She was broadcasting for N.B.C. when France fell in World War II. She made her way homeward and worked the rest of the war years in Washington as assistant to Raymond Gram Swing and with the O.W.I. Miss Allen, though born in Wisconsin, grew up in a town only 250 miles up the Mississippi from Hannibal, Mo., and is thoroughly familiar with the terrain of Mark Twain's early days.

Jerry Allen's refreshingly new kind of biography which Clara Clemens has said "reads like a novel enriched by the fact that it presents history" lists acknowledgements and notes and sources that cover over two pages at the close of the book, showing how exhaustive has been the research that has gone into the foundation of this book. Much that happened in Mark Twain's life served as the basis of his work, and these real life episodes are scattered through more than twenty-five of his books. Jerry Allen has drawn all these episodes together in sequence and added much new material from Twain's unpublished papers.

Although he never completed his autobiography, the story of his life was written, and by him. He gave it in snatches, sometimes in the guise of fiction, sometimes in the guarded privacy of his notes and letters. Scattered through thirty volumes of his writings —through his novels and travel books, essays, stories, speeches, autobiography, letters, notes, newspaper interviews, and unpublished material—is the piecemeal record of the "clothes and buttons" and the tossing thoughts, that "toss and boil, and never rest, night nor day," which have been woven into this history of the man whose pseudonym was Mark Twain. "Aunt Polly emerges as the person she was, Jane Clemens; Huckleberry Finn appears as himself, Tom Blankenship; Colonel Sellers reverts to Cousin James Lampton; Tom Sawyer breaks back to the boy he largely was, Sam Clemens. And Hannibal, Missouri, exists as it was in America, a sleepy town on the Mississippi, before its famous citizen gave it so many other names."

"The romance of Mark Twain, who at thirty-two fell permanently in love, has only recently been known. He who wrote of everything else never wrote of that. His love letters, which he regarded as the 'privatest product of the human mind and heart,' Livy treasured in the 'sacred green box' throughout the thirty-six years they came to her. Withheld from publication until 1949 they have only now made possible a true portrait of the 'Youth' who, for forty-three years a public man, kept the private side of his life so securely private."

In her preface the author tells us that Huckleberry Finn's volcanic originator had also a fiercely serious side that, always existing, has fallen out of view. Europe, rating him more highly than his own country, counted him a great philosopher, and it was the loss of Mark Twain, philosopher, the *London Daily Mail* mourned in saying "with the exception of Tolstoi, probably there is no writer whose death would rouse more universal emotions of respect and regret."

Continuing in her preface Jerry Allen says that even more than the humorist who abundantly called out laughter, Mark Twain lived by honest right under the title world fame brought "America's Voltaire." He was, himself, the Connecticut Yankee entering the lists against the abuses of his times. Like Voltaire, she says, he ceaselessly fought for the whole of liberty, for the open, uncompelled mind. He livened his views with humor so unforgettable that, as the *New York Times* pointed out, ". . . he has been quoted in common conversation oftener, perhaps, than any of his fellow countrymen, including Benjamin Franklin and Lincoln." Here is a comment quoted in this preface, unknown to his readers, which, like many random ideas, was put on paper for some future and forgotten use, and is alert with his touch. Dated Hartford, November 6, 1886:

"When the Lord finished the world, he pronounced it good. That is what I said about my first work too. But Time, I tell you, Time takes the confidence out of these incautious early opinions. It is more than likely that He thinks about the world, now, pretty much as I think about the 'Innocents Abroad.' The fact is, there is a trifle too much water in both. Truly yours, S. L. Clemens. Mark Twain."

Because the preface to the book is rather fascinating in itself, I shall quote rather fully from it:

"Mark Twain diffidently believed at the height of his fame that humor such as his might be remembered thirty years. But a half century has gone by and his is still a fresh name. Rising to a climax that crested in Europe before it reached America, the recognition he has won bears out the prediction of the *New York Times* on the day of his death—'his fame is imperishable.'

"For eighty-four years he has been a favorite of the ungreat and the great —his books always on Darwin's bedside table, the choice reading of Sigmund Freud. How much he has meant to every country shows in the 5,500,000 copies of his books issued in America during his lifetime, and the millions more abroad. Today twenty of his books are still in print and are new to readers every year. Some, like Tom Sawyer, are seventy-eight years old.

"Grieving for him who was so much more than a man of letters, thousands walked by his bier in New York and men the world over mourned him when he died in 1910.

"No other American writer has authored such affection, has had such lasting fame. It is the story of the man who earned the affection and the fame

that this biography of S. L. Clemens—Mark Twain tries to give."

The Adventures of Mark Twain is in five parts: A Boy at Bear Creek—From the River to the Sea—"*There* was Eden"—America's Voltaire—"Good Night, Dear Heart, Good Night, Good Night." The only headings throughout the book are the section headings just listed. There are many chapters to each section, but they are merely listed by number. Many, many letters between Mark Twain and his wife Livy are in the book, which reflect the depth of their love for each other.

An altogether delightful description of the physical weakness of man is quoted from Paine's biography of Mark Twain—it begins,

"Why, he can't sleep out-of-doors without freezing to death or getting the rheumatism or the malaria; he can't keep his nose under water over a minute without being drowned; he can't climb a tree without falling out and breaking his neck. Why, he's the poorest, clumsiest excuse of all the creatures that inhabit the earth. He has got to be coddled and housed and swathed and bandaged and upholstered to be able to live at all. He is a rickety sort of a thing, anyway you take him, a regular British Museum of infirmities and inferiorities. He is always undergoing repairs. A machine that is as unreliable as he is would have no market . . . The animals are not much troubled that way. In a wild state, a natural state, they have few diseases; their main one is old age. But man starts in as a child and lives on diseases to the end as a regular diet . . . He's just a basketful of festering, pestilent corruption, provided for the support and entertainment of microbes. Look at the workmanship of him in some of its particulars. What are his tonsils for? . . . And what is the appendix for? . . . What is his beard for? . . . A man wants to keep his hair. It is a graceful ornament, a comfort, the best of all protection against weather, and he prizes it above emeralds and rubies, and Nature half the time puts it on so it won't stay. . . .

"Man isn't even handsome, as compared with the birds; and as for style, look at the Bengal tiger—that ideal of grace, physical perfection, and majesty. Think of the lion and the tiger and the leopard, and then think of man—that poor thing!—the animal of the wig, the ear-trumpet, the glass eye, the porcelain teeth, the wooden leg, the trepanned skull, the silver wind-pipe—a creature that is mended and patched all over from top to bottom. If he can't get renewals of his bric-a-brac in the next world what will he look like? He has just that one stupendous superiority—his imagination, his intellect. It makes him supreme—the higher animals can't match him there. It's very curious."

You will enjoy this quote, where he speaks of history being a document of unreasoning nations, of ". . . a thousand wild and tame religions, every kind of government that can be thought of, from tiger to house-cat, each nation *knowing* it has the only true religion and the only sane system of government, each despising all the others, each an ass and not suspecting it, each proud of its fancied supremacy, each perfectly sure it is the pet of God, each with undoubting confidence summoning Him to take command in time of war, each surprised when He goes over to the enemy, but by habit able to excuse it and resume compliments."

George Bernard Shaw named Mark Twain one of the two great geniuses America had produced; the other Edgar Allan Poe. Shaw wrote him:

"I am persuaded that the future historian of America will find your works as indispensable to him as a French historian finds the political tracts of Voltaire. I tell you so because I am the author of a play in which a priest says, 'Telling the truth's the funniest joke in the world,' a piece of wisdom which you helped to teach me."

Every American would do well to know more about Mark Twain. *The Adventures of Mark Twain* by Jerry Allen will be a great help in this direction.

* * *

The life of any great man it seems to me is an adventure story, inspiring to those of us whose lives and destinies have run in quieter waters.

Doctor Dan; Pioneer in American Surgery, is the inspiring story of Daniel Hale Williams, the Negro who was the first surgeon ever to operate successfully on the human heart, and was the first Vice-President of the National Medical Association. He was appointed by President Cleveland to head Freedmen's Hospital in Washington, yet he ended his days in almost total obscurity.

Helen Buckler, author of *Doctor Dan: Pioneer in American Surgery,* was born in Buffalo and graduated from the University of Illinois. She became interested in journalism in college, finding it "a legitimate outlet for an insatiable curiosity about life, people, motivations, affairs public and private, and places and events past and present." She became night Telegraph Editor of the *Daily Illini* while still in college, and University Editor for one of the local papers.

Since then Miss Buckler has had articles published in numerous major periodicals, including the *Nation,* the New York *Herald Tribune* and New York *Times* magazines, *Scribner's, McCall's, Good Housekeeping* and *Negro Digest.*

Happening to discover the story of Dr. Dan while on an assignment for the *Reader's Digest,* Miss Buckler recently received from that magazine a grant which, together with a Quaker fellowship, enabled her to complete ten years' research and devote herself full time to her book. She traveled through 14 states to get her story, interviewed some 230 people and corresponded with 50 more. She talked with both white and Negro doctors, many of whom Dr. Williams had trained; to nurses who owed their professions to him; to patients whose lives he had saved; and to a man whose heart still beat vigorously because forty-five years earlier Dr. Dan had "sewed it up."

Miss Buckler has traveled extensively in England, Austria, and France, and worked for two years on the Paris *Times* under G. H. Archambault, interviewing leading women from Russia, Egypt, China and many other places. She is a member of the Overseas Press Club; Theta Sigma Phi, the national women's journalism professional and honorary society; Phi Beta Kappa; and the Religious Society of Friends.

The book was published by Little, Brown & Co., on June 16th, and is the dramatic account of a career that spanned the rise of modern surgery, and it is a story of colored people as *people,* not as Negroes. Handsome, light-skinned and red-haired, Dr. Dan chose to devote his life and his energies to the people he called his own, and over the years he performed operation after operation so brilliant and daring that his white colleagues quickly accorded him top rank as a surgeon. He worked tirelessly to establish the Provident Hospital in Chicago as an interracial institution of healing and medical training, and he married a woman of mixed blood.

The author explores Dr. Dan's life with insight, sympathy, and strict regard for facts—and she draws on new material to throw a startling light on the eminent Booker T. Washington. Her book is a moving portrait of a man crowned with many honors, whose name deserves to stand high in the annals of his beloved people.

The Genealogical Chart of the Williams and Price Families is given in the book and shows Dr. Dan's forebears to have been, on his father's side, early pious German folk who had settled long before the Revolution in the territory that became York County, and had inter-married with the peace-loving Shawnee and Delaware Indians. Their descendants had intermarried sometimes with Negro and sometimes with Welsh, Scotch and Irish families until Dan's father showed, except for some crinkle in his hair, the contours of his high cheekbones, and his erect, dignified bearing, little physical indication of the racial mixture that was his.

The author's story itself covers 275 pages. There are eight pages of Notes and Sources. Then follow 75 pages of Notes by chapters. Much of historical interest will be found in these notes and many sources of information are given. There are four pages giving Persons Consulted. There is a list of Publications of Daniel Hale Williams, M.D., F.A.C.S., covering three pages. Dr. Dan was also an LL.D. There is in addition a 13 page index at the end of the book.

The lives of pioneers are always fascinating reading. Every young medical student would do well to read of the struggles and the courage of Dr. Dan—students who have no obstacles in their path compared with the obstacles of Dr. Dan and other early-day pioneers.

Every career in any profession is highlighted by its struggles, its hopes, its disappointments and its successes. One does not have to have an interest in the medical profession to appreciate and find great interest in this courageous life of *Dr. Dan: Pioneer in American Surgery.*

* * *

Bouquets to the Chicago Public Library

In the Spring of 1953, when Fanny Butcher of the Chicago Tribune Staff was honored at the Annual Author's Luncheon, she paid the following tribute to the Chicago Public Library. It was so beautifully stated that we print it in its entirety in our Liberalist. Said Miss Butcher:

"The real heroine of this historical and novel day is our Public Library, who, let us say, is a grand old lady. She proudly admits that she is an octogenarian, but manages to grow younger, more zestful, more vigorous, more useful with each year. She possesses more real wealth than Fort Knox, but hides none of it behind bars and armed guards. She lends eight and a half millions of that wealth every year, asking in interest only the opportunity to compound those millions to billions some day. She feeds hungry minds and souls and is herself thus miraculously nourished. She leads little children into magic countries of the mind, comforts the aged, is eyes to the sightless, tutor to the ambitious, tireless in her help to everyone.

"She traces her lineage 2,000 years and more, directly to the libraries of Alexandria, which were the center of the literature and learning of the whole world, and today she rightly holds her head high among the greatest of the Alexandrian descendants. Our Public Library is literally the Alma Mater, the fostering mother to all of Chicago, and she numbers among her grateful alumni its entire citizenry. As one of

them I want to say thank you to the Chicago Public Library. And as an ordained, however minor preacher of the gospel of books, I would like to say as we part, this paraphrase of that beautiful benediction: "May books too, bless us and keep us, make their words to shine upon us and give us—and if possible the whole world—peace."

* * *

During the summer and up until September 30th, special loan privileges are available to any registered book borrower using the Chicago Public Library. An unlimited number of books may be borrowed on any library card and kept for any length of time through September 20th, without renewal. The only exceptions are books published during the past year, a few titles in great demand and books used in summer school classes.

BAZAAR

LET'S make it a wonderful Bazaar in '54. We can do it. How? By planning ahead! Let's get together and make things; have some old fashioned sewing circles, where we visit and plan as we sew. Let's pool our ideas; find out what people would like to buy; hunt up new patterns; make things so pretty they will just fly off the booth-counters right into people's hands.

Here are some of the ways you can help: Talk to your friends about making a gift contribution. Ask them for ideas for the Bazaar. Home-made candy will be a good seller. Ask your corner groceryman for a contribution. Ask any store you deal with to help.

Bring your gifts to the church office at any time.

Toys for children. Accessories for women. Costume jewelry.

Towels. Dish towels. Aprons. Rugs. Scarves. Gloves. Handerkerchiefs. New books.

Men's wear. Kitchen items. Foods. Boutonnieres. Dolls and doll clothes.

Anything at all that is salable will be acceptable. If you have something you have no use for at home, a vase, a pretty cakeplate—something good but you have no more use for it, we have a special booth for that kind of "elephant."

The dates for the Bazaar have been set. Now, all we have to do is get ready for it.

Thursday and Friday, November 11th and 12th. You think that's a long time off? Not if we are going to have a BIG BAZAAR! Talk to your club president about it. And don't wait till church re-opens. That's too late to begin! START NOW! ! !

"YOUR SOURCES OF POWER"

(*Continued from page* 9)

tiveness; we call it the emanation, the very quintessence, the fine distillation of the Spirit of God!

In this closing moment might I be pardoned for a personal testimony—and sometimes a personal testimony is the most effective, as it is the most authentic! Never once in my lifetime since I have tried to be creative and affirmative — never once — did that power fail me! God never deserts! We are the deserters—not God! And He always holds on, even when He would be justified in letting go. He never deserted me in heartaches, in sorrow, in debt—not in one experience of life did God desert me! *That* is the source of all true, spiritual power!

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

BIRTHDAYS are rather nice, I think. There is something about them very special, because they belong just to *you,* when it's your birthday,—that is, unless you happen to be one of twins, or triplets, or—.

When you approach the mailbox, along about time for your birthday, and the large, square envelopes appear, there's an extra tick of the heart as you wonder who it was remembered and thought about you.

There aren't too many times in the year when a person has something special, all his or her own to celebrate, so it gives a little feeling of being important in the world when a group of people, or maybe just the family, remembers and makes something special of it.

One time a club to which I belonged gave me a big surprise at a meeting which occurred near the date of my birthday. That happy evening will always stay with me. It was so unexpected and such a big event was made of the night. My dear Aunt Harriette was there, and some friends we had taken as guests, all unsuspecting of the treats in store.

Many members of the church and friends of Dr. Bradley have the date August 18th well in mind as the date of Dr. Bradley's birth—easy to remember, because the date is so full of 8's—8-18-1888, to be exact. He tells the full date himself, so I'm sure he won't mind my mentioning it in print.

I just thought you might want to send him a card to Tower, Minnesota, along about that time, so it would be there to welcome him home from Europe.

Perhaps it is well to think back over one's life at birthday time and consider whether we have filled a useful niche in life. I think each one of us would be surprised if we did that, to note the many times when we had done something that helped ease a rough moment in life for someone. Sometimes, as the days slip by, one by one, without too much difference, we think life is very monotonous and that our own life hasn't amounted to very much. That's why it's good to itemize it now and then, to find out just how useful and helpful a person may be. And each life will thus be found to be more important than its owner had realized.

Now, then, when one considers the life of a man devoted to the public good, as is our dear pastor, Dr. Bradley, who speaks nightly, daily, to vast crowds of people, giving inspiration and encouragement to men and women in all walks of life, how can one possibly measure the value of that life? It is immeasurable, impossible to evaluate.

Yes, I think he merits our good wishes and our gratitude on his birthday.

Edgar A. Guest wrote a simple little poem which he calls "Life." I am sure Dr. Bradley's life proves that he believes in every line of this poem:

LIFE

Life is a gift to be used every day,
Not to be smothered and hidden away;
It isn't a thing to be stored in the chest
Where you gather your keepsakes and treasure your best;
It isn't a joy to be sipped now and then
And promptly put back in a dark place again.

Life is a gift that the humblest may boast of
And one that the humblest may well make the most of.
Get out and live it each hour of the day,
Wear it and use it as much as you may;
Don't keep it in niches and corners and grooves,
You'll find that in service its beauty improves.

And then I must set down here the two little verses by Karle Wilson Baker, of which Dr. Bradley is so fond:

GROWING OLD

Let me grow lovely, growing old—
So many fine things do;
Laces, and ivory, and gold,
And silks need not be new.

And there is healing in old trees,
Old streets a glamour hold;
Why may not I, as well as these,
Grow lovely, growing old?

A Happy Birthday to you, Dr. Bradley!

* * *

Dr. Bradley is always so happy to know when he touches the hearts and minds of the young people, so the following letter pleased him deeply:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

My sincere congratulations to you on your 50th Anniversary in the ministry.

I heard you speak last Sunday as I have many times both in your church and on the radio. You have never failed to touch my heart and soul, and last Sunday you touched it a lot!

It must be a wonderful feeling to reflect on all your gains and achievements over those 50 years. I know you have helped, and will continue to help and inspire thousands of human beings.

I haven't had the pleasure of meeting you personally yet, so I'd like to take this opportunity to introduce myself, as you have been engaged to perform my marriage to Iver Johnson this May 15th.

I'm 22 years young, graduated from Northwestern in March and am now embarking on a teaching career. I'm doing substitute work with primary grades in Chicago for the rest of this year to gain more varied experience, but hope to have a permanent position in the suburbs next year.

I can't think of anything outside of marriage that is more satisfying and challenging than working with little children, watching them grow and change, and helping them to become healthy American citizens. Of course the ultimate is to have my own family of children when we are ready.

Iver, who has been a member of your choir this past year, is 25 years young, a mechanical and sales engineer. He's intelligent, sensible, good hearted, and as good a man as you could find anywhere on earth. I'm very much looking forward to sharing my life with him.

Again, congratulations to one so deserving, and many good wishes for your future at the Peoples Church. Hoping to meet you very soon, I remain

Sincerely yours,
Ann Wells.

* * *

Following is a repercussion of Dr. Bradley's regular winter book lecture series. A letter of congratulation in connection with the Author's Luncheon honoring Dr. Bradley which was given by the Friends of the Public Library, came from Louis Zara, in which Mr. Zara said in part:

"You cannot guess how much your own generous, heartwarming praise helped and encouraged me over a

period of very difficult years, beginning with 'Blessed Is The Man' in 1935. I believe that it was your lecture on the book at the Peoples Church that brought me my first recognition, and caused many others to take a sympathetic look at my work. Last week, when I turned over the manuscript of my new book to Crown Publishers and named it 'Blessed Is The Land,' I had occasion to think again, as I have done so very often, how much your lectures and radio programs inspired Chicagoland to read and, what is equally important, to recognize, the talent in its own back yard. It goes without saying, a very first copy of the new book will go to you long before publication day in September.

"I hope you will keep up all your good work. No doubt it has blessed you. I can testify that it has also conferred blessings on many others!

All my best—gratefully yours,

Louis Zara.

* * *

A pebble dropped in the water sends a ripple to what far shore? And so, this letter from Elizabeth Stewart, author of "Taxco Tommy:"

Dear Doctor Bradley:

May I tell you how a chance remark of yours, years ago, played an important part in my life? It was shortly after I was married in your lovely Study (Sept. 28, 1929) that I heard you say that none of us used but a small percentage of our capabilities—and should one avenue be closed to us other vistas would open up.

Six years ago my husband died and I entered the business world. Then two years ago I had a detached retina and an unsuccessful operation for it. Things looked dark indeed. But during the long hours of bandaged eyes, when I decided I didn't want to live, I thought of your words and made up my mind that if I hadn't been using *all* of my capabilities I might start *trying*.

It took a bit of adjusting. But instead of the year I was told I'd need to recover, I found a wonderful position as a medical secretary and went to work in four months. Then the writing urge, long dormant, woke up and "Taxco Tommy" was the result. Now, I have two other juveniles being considered by the publishers.

I am very grateful to you for your help. Truly "Life was made for victory—never for defeat."

Please accept my subscription for The Liberalist. I need it.

Sincerely,

Elizabeth Stewart.

* * *

Mr. Harry Barnard, fine scholar and author of "Eagle Forgotten," that great "Life of J. B. Altgeld," sent the following note in which he regretted not having been able to attend the Author's Luncheon at which Dr. Bradley was honored:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Back in Chicago, after an exile in Ohio, I yield to impulse to tell you that I had wanted to attend that Public Library Affair in your honor.

It was a literary matter, a meeting with the Bobbs-Merrill people on my new book, that forced me to be in Indianapolis.

But I do want to say that I am among those who do honor you as a great moral force in Chicago and in America. It is good to come back to Chicago and find that you at least carry on as of yore. Today's world has need of the Channings and Emersons and *Bradleys*—more than ever.

Very sincerely yours,

Harry Barnard.

* * *

Here follows a good word for The

Liberalist, for Dr. Bradley's sermons, and a plea for a national radio hook-up, written on stationery of The Rotary Club of New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, Canada, from the club's Bulletin Editor:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Like meeting an old friend! That's how I feel now that my copies of The Liberalist are coming regularly and I read your sermons again. Having lived in Chicago from September, 1947 to June, 1948, and attended the Peoples Church, I wrote this Spring for a subscription to The Dial, only to learn that it is out of print and was given the opportunity to subscribe to The Liberalist.

Would that you were on that national radio hook-up you mentioned in the April issue! Then we up here in Nova Scotia could hear you too. I feel a bit unique in that I enjoy your magazine and wonder if anyone else in this part of the world receives it. It is a pleasure to pass it along to my friends, as it is to pass along to you my best wishes for many years of inspiring success.

Here I am stealing the privilege of writing on Rotary stationery and mailing it to the birthplace of Rotary. Since I am the club's Bulletin Editor, they may excuse me.

Sincerely,

Max McLeod.

Mr. MacLeod's address is Trenton, Nova Scotia.

* * *

Dr. Bradley's out-of-town engagements, too, have their interesting and inspiring reactions, as witnessed in the following letter from a student who heard him speak at the First Methodist Church in Milwaukee this Spring.

Dear Dr. Bradley:

At present I am a student at Wisconsin State College here and am very much interested in public relations. For some time there has been friction between Protestant and Catholic groups in my home town rural community. For this reason, my thesis is concerned with techniques for improving home-school relations—especially ways in which Protestants and Catholics can be brought closer together.

I gained much inspiration from your message at the First Methodist Church here recently, and it occurred to me that you might have suggestions to help me to plan ways for better understanding and cooperation.

Any help regarding your viewpoint would be very much appreciated.

Sincerely,

Miss Isabel Skar.

P.S. Expect to be in Chicago on June 20 and hope to attend your church services.

* * *

What lovely memories the writer of the next letter will have some day, because of the wonderful privilege of having such a mother as she writes about, and because she has so thoroughly appreciated that mother now, while she is living. We always enrich our own lives by the appreciation we give others.

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I'm wondering if you won't get a little warm "glow" when I tell you about my blessed mother, and how she looks forward to your Sunday morning services:

She settles into her favorite chair—I tune in WJJD on her little radio,—and she sits in rapt attention and enjoyment.

Now—I realize all this may not seem so very extraordinary, as I'm sure you have many listeners who are "getting along" in years. But this I know will interest you: Mother will celebrate her 100th birthday August 16th, God will-

ing. (Her name is Mary Alice Yelvington.)

I have never seen anyone "grow old" more beautifully or graciously,—she is an inspiration to all who know her.

Her keen interest in everything around her,—her deep appreciation for the little things we do for her,—her kindness, her understanding, her gentle sense of humor,—these are but *some* of the things that make her more precious to us with each passing day.

Her unquestioning obedience to God's will, and her unprotesting acceptance of disappointments, even bereavement, throughout her long life, have made her a wonderful example to her whole family.

I'm afraid some of us have but feebly attained her standard. You know, Dr. Bradley, "serene" is the word for Mother!

Please accept the little offering we are enclosing. We wish it could be much larger.

Our thoughts and prayers will go with you all through the summer, whatever you do, wherever you go. We are glad we will be able to hear you for fifteen minutes each Sunday, by transcription, and will be looking forward to your return in the Fall.

Thank you so much for the never-failing beauty and wisdom of your words, their comfort and inspiration.

With every good wish,

(Mrs. L. G.) Gladys E. Parsons.

* * *

Mrs. Nellie Spence of Decatur, Illinois, while thoroughly loyal and true to her own community and her own church in Decatur, has love enough and to spare, so she sends some of the spilt-over elixir down to The Peoples Church of Chicago by always contributing a little gift of her own handiwork every year to our bazaar, and paying us a visit when she comes to Chicago. If for any reason she is unable to attend her own church on a Sunday, which of course, is only on rare occasions, then she listens to Dr. Bradley over the radio. She had intended to come to Chicago on May 1st and be with us Sunday, May 2nd, but she wrote the following day:

Dear Ethel Smalley:

My plans were greatly changed, I was not able to go to Chicago on May 1st. In bed with sciatica all this month. The weather getting warmer, I am better. I did so want to meet you and sit with you during the service on May 2nd. I did listen over the radio. Thank Dr. Bradley for the inspiring message. When he spoke of the rain I was glad I was home.

I wish you could have seen my garden of tulips and wild flowers. I think every tulip I put in last Fall (350) bloomed. I had taken up all and reset them, giving away about 200 bulbs. I love to share my plants with others, since the iris and peonies and lilies, roses and many blooming shrubs have been so lovely.

The old fashioned roses, pink, red and white, are along my south fence and are so pretty now. They have been here since I was 13 years old (72 years). I do love every inch of my garden. How I am repaid! God is so good to me.

I may finish housecleaning some day.

I did enjoy your writing in the magazine of your trip abroad last summer and now you are going again. I wish you a delightful trip. How wonderful you can go! You know, if I were a few years younger, I might consider such a trip, but thankful I can be content to stay at home among sweet memories and my garden of memories. Everyone is so sweet to me, making my life very happy and less lonely.

Do have a delightful and safe

journey and I may see you in the future.

Tell Dr. Bradley I listened Sunday to the service and it was wonderful, if I did cry through all of it. When you have had a father and brother carried to their last resting place with a flag-covered casket and hear the last call—it is not easy to keep back the tears.

I shall be glad when Dr. Bradley comes back on the radio daily. I listened to him and it seemed like old times, only the hour was changed and Mr. Spence was not here to say—"6:00 p.m., time for Dr. Bradley."

I do thank him for all his inspiring messages. May God bless him in all his work.

Best of wishes and lots of love.

Nellie Spence.

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

JUNE

2—Cut brides' cake for 6 brides at Uptown Federal Savings & Loan Assn.
Funeral.
Meeting, Commission on Human Relations.
Address. Banquet National Convention Modern Woodmen of America, Hotel Sherman.

3—Cut three 15-minute records for WJJD.
Commencement Address, Valparaiso High School, Valparaiso, Ind.

4—Funeral.
Dedication Address. New Hawthorne Public School.

5—Two weddings, one at Peoples Church.

6—Morning Service, Peoples Church.
Christened five babies.
Wedding, Peoples Church.

7—Funeral.
ABC-TV appearance. Interview with Fran Allison.

8—Board Meeting, Peoples Church.

9—Address. 110th Anniversary, Mundy Presbyterian Church, Swartz Creek, Linden, Michigan. The church where Dr. Bradley preached his first sermon.

12—Funeral.
Wedding.

13—Closing Service for summer, Peoples Church.
Christened four babies.

FUNERALS

2—Mrs. Santina Lombardo.
4—Mrs. Marie De Puy.
7—Peter Loe.
12—John M. Zapoleon.

WEDDINGS

5—Nell Lencioni and Richard Paul Heinen.
Diane Roetter and Richard Jamgochian.
6—June C. Smalley and Gerald Worsaa.
12—Marion Boline and John Sandell.

CHRISTENINGS

6—Belinda Lou Wunsch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Wunsch.
Kathy Ann Kosner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Kosner.
Robert Glenn Fulton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fulton.
Deborah Lee Gough, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Gough.
6—Kenneth Walter Boehm, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Walter Boehm.

13—Mary Georgia Lawing, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lawing.
Harlow Drake Stevens, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Harlow Drake Stevens.
Raymond Christlieb Addicks, III, son of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Addicks.
Paul Jeffry Kevan, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Kevan.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent
Ronald Walrath, Director Religious Education ..... 9:30 a.m.
The Peoples Church School of Religious Education closed for the summer on Sunday, June 13th. It opens for the 1954-1955 Season September 19th.
Sunday Morning Service—Closed for the summer on June 13th. Opens for the 1954-1955 Season on September 19th. Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 to 12:00 noon
During the summer WJJD will broadcast a 15-minute sermon by Dr. Bradley each Sunday .....11:00 a.m.
Sunday Evening Service (From November to Easter)..... 7:00 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (November to Easter)..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—
Meets every two weeks, beginning with the Opening Luncheon in September through the closing Spring Luncheon in May..... 12:30 p.m.
For summer events, get in touch with the Corr. Sec., Miss Edith Anderberg, 1614 Ainslie Ave. (40). SUnnyside 4-9146.

Men's Club—Meets 4th Tuesday of each month from September through May.... 8:00 p.m.
Professional and Business Woman's Club—Meets 2nd Tuesday of each month, Rosemary Christensen, Corr. Sec., 2805 N. Leavitt St. (18). DIversey 8-0475 8:00 p.m.
The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*
Channing Club, 1st and 3rd Fridays, Sec., Mary McCoy, 1060 Wilson Ave. (40). UPtown 8-4567 ..... 8:00 p.m.
Choir Rehearsals, Every Thursday, Church Auditorium, during church season—New members welcomed..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Paul H. Raabe, UPtown 8-8620
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

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